

Unyielding Dream

by Elisel

Category: Rurouni Kenshin

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-08 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-08 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:23:48

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 660

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiko's thoughts on Kenshin - his warm and fuzzy side.
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> <meta name="Generator"> Forgive me for this

Forgive me for this. It came to me spur of the moment and I had to write it down. I hope everyone enjoys it.

Standard Disclaimers Apply

Spoiler Potential " If you don't know who Hiko is, then 1) Watch the rest of RK/read the manga, and 2) Don't read unless you want mild spoilers for Kenshin's childhood.

And now, we begin.

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## Unyielding Dream

By Elise

I think I loved him from the first time I ever saw him.

I know I shouldn't have. He had never done anything to earn my particular respect or admiration. In fact, just the opposite. The insolent brat! It was obvious he had no feelings towards me, other than a respectful attitude that one always has towards a teacher. But nevertheless, each time I looked into his eyes, or caught a brief glimpse of a smile, my heart ached.

He was the son I never had and I never would have. The deities know that by the time he left my company and went off to explore the world, I had long since lost the full brunt of my sex appeal that

attracted members of the opposite gender. But that's okay, I suppose. I had passed the legacy of my technique down to another generation. In that, the most important part of myself lives on.

I remember watching him once as he practiced. For a brief moment, I saw his future. I saw his sword cut into his enemies, then his lover. I saw how he would die, then live again as a new man. I saw a new love and a small pseudo-family. Then the vision was over, and the boy just stood in front of me, having completed his lessons, and waiting for new instructions. I shook my head clear of my delusion, excusing it as the mental ravings of man.

Then, as quickly as the sun lowers on an active day, a year had passed and he was gone. Left me. Abandoned me just as he was becoming nearly equal to my skill and strength. He was barely a child and surely not the man who was needed for the duty before him. I could have stopped my protege, but I knew that I had to let him go.

As the time passed, I heard about him on occasion from a traveler who would stop by needing food or water. I heard a hitokiri with shining red hair and amber eyes was sweeping Kyoto. I heard that a young woman had taken up with him and was found dead shortly later. I heard when the hitokiri left. I excused all of these things until over a decade later when I saw him walking towards my "our" cottage again. At that point, a vision struck me again. In his pained eyes, I saw what he had seen. From his scar, I felt what he had felt.

I never thought for a moment that one could feel so much for another. How is it possible that in one moment, all you want to do is hit the other upside the head, and in the next moment you find it nearly impossible not to sweep them up in your arms and hug them? But I was always cold. Instead of going to either extreme, I balanced them with a nondescript irritation.

Of course I love him. How could I not? He was my son. He *\*is\** my son.

Of course I hate him. How could I not? He was my son. He *\*is\** my son.

Despite what I say, he will always hold a close place to my heart. He is my baka deshi. I will always be his teacher, and he will always be my student. Sometimes, though, he is more of my teacher and I, his student. After all, who else but a teacher could teach another so much about life?

End  
file.